

COWBOY ALL COMICS WESTERN COMICS



10¢
FPI

NO. 38



ANNIE OAKLEY,
Queen of
Sharpshooters.

JESSIE JAMES,
King of Outlaws.

BILL BENT,
Border Sheriff.



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BRANDS and BRANDING

ON THE VAST RANGES OF THE WEST, HORSES AND CATTLE STRAY AND MIX WITH OTHER HERDS. FOR THIS REASON IT IS NECESSARY TO BRAND THEM BECAUSE BRANDS ARE THE ONLY PROOF OF OWNERSHIP. ALL BRANDS ARE OFFICIALLY REGISTERED.



BRANDING IN A CHUTE



WHEN A COW IS STOLEN, THE BRAND MUST BE ALTERED, AND SINCE IT CAN NEVER BE REMOVED, A NEW ONE MUST BE CREATED BY ADDING SOMETHING TO THE ORIGINAL. THUS, A BRAND CALLED THE "LAZY M" CAN BE CHANGED TO ONE CALLED THE "TWIN DIAMONDS" LIKE THIS...

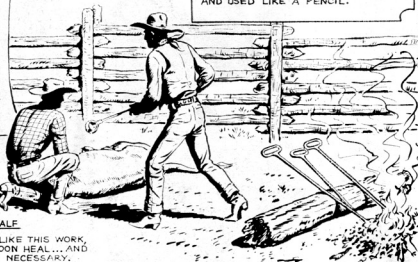
3 8

THIS IS DONE WITH A "RUNNING-IRON"—AN IRON BAR WITH A CURVED END—HEATED AND USED LIKE A PENCIL.

SOME FAMOUS OLD-TIME BRANDS

XIT E +
U-U  K-
X U 
X  
J-S  E+M
Y   7F

THIS WAS THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "MALTESE CROSS" BRAND, ON HIS "ELKHORN" RANCH IN NORTH DAKOTA.



BRANDING A CALF

COWBOYS DO NOT LIKE THIS WORK, BUT THE BURNS SOON HEAL...AND IT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

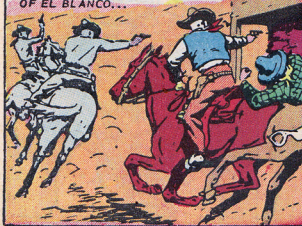
BILL BENT

Border
Sheriff

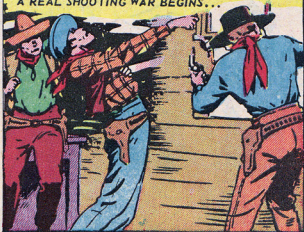
"SOUTH OF THE BORDER"



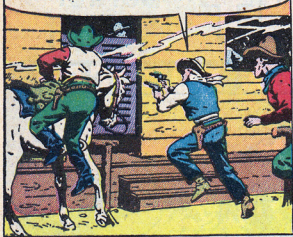
A FUSILLADE OF SHOTS RANG OUT AS A GROUP OF HARD RIDING HORSES RODE DOWN THE MAIN STREET OF THE BORDER TOWN OF EL BLANCO...



TAKEN UNAWARES, A FEW MEN IN EAGLE PASS BAR FIRE BACK AT THE ATTACKERS... A REAL SHOOTING WAR BEGINS...

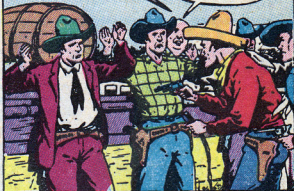


FIGHTING BACK AT US, HUH? LET'S GO IN AND GET 'EM—CAN'T BE MANY OF 'EM, AND THERE'S MORE OF US ANYHOW!



REACH, HOMBRES! WE'RE AFTER PANCHO LIBERTAD. WHERE IS HE?

LOOK FOR HIM YOURSELF—WE'RE NO TRAITORS!



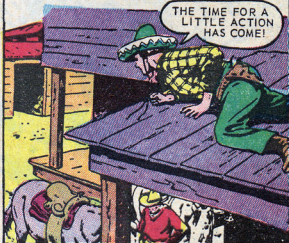
HERE, PABLO, TIE THIS TALKATIVE ONE TO THE PILLAR AND TEAR OFF HIS SHIRT!

O.K. EL CAPITAN, WE'LL TEACH HIM TO ANSWER RIGHT, WHEN YOU ASK A QUESTION!



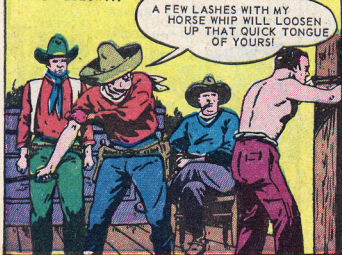
MEANWHILE ON THE ROOF ABOVE!

THE TIME FOR A LITTLE ACTION HAS COME!

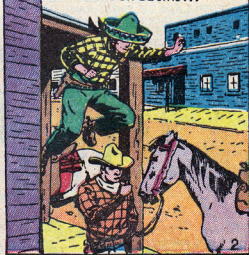


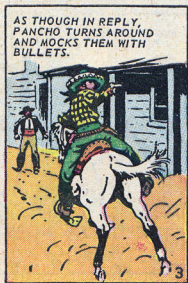
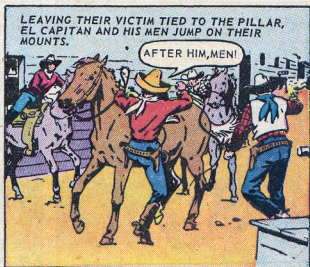
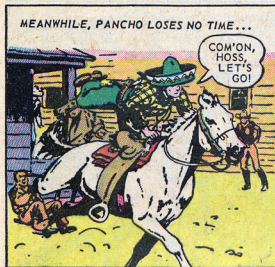
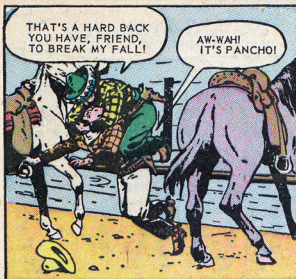
WHILE BELOW...

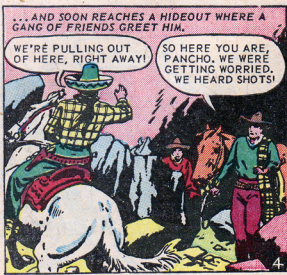
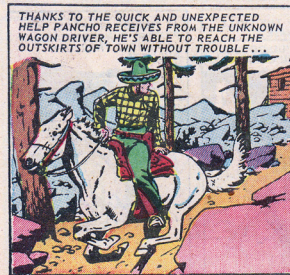
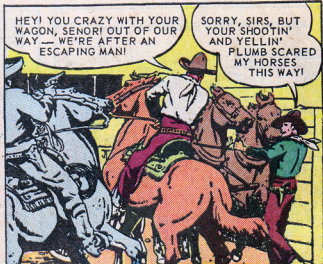
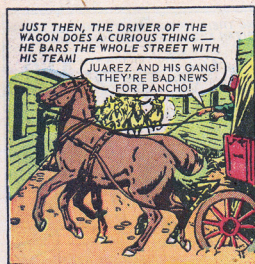
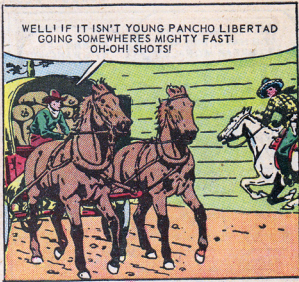
A FEW LASHES WITH MY HORSE WHIP WILL LOOSEN UP THAT QUICK TONGUE OF YOURS!

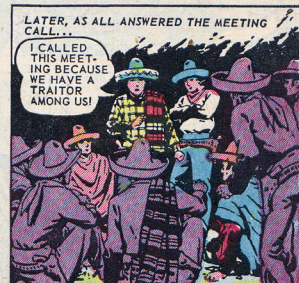
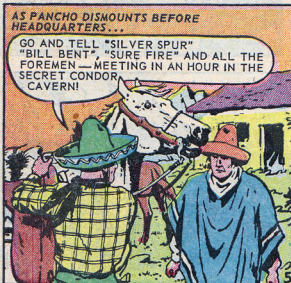
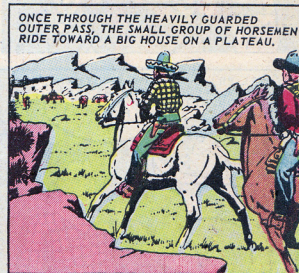
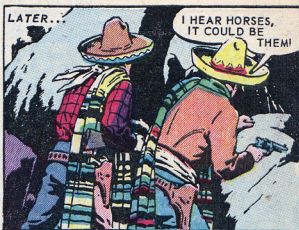
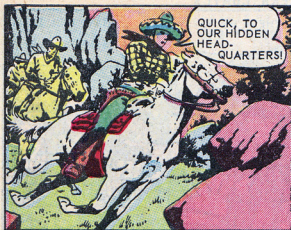


NOW THE FUN BEGINS...

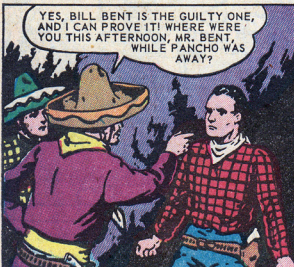
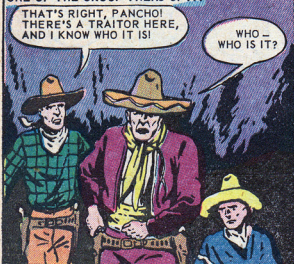








ONE OF THE GROUP TALKS UP...

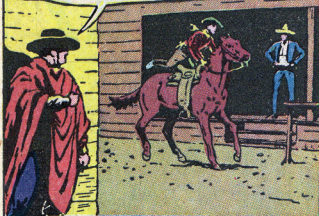


THE ACCUSER SNARLS AT BILL BENT.



AS THE HALF BREED INDIAN TELLS WHAT HE SAW...

I WAS ON WATCH NEAR THE ARMY POST, WHEN I SAW BILL ENTER OUR ENEMY'S PLACE.



BILL! IS WHAT BLACK RAVEN'S SAYING TRUE? COME ON, MAN, TALK AND EXPLAIN YOURSELF BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

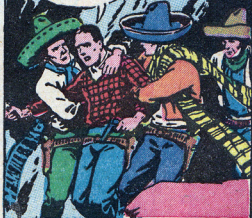


NO, PANCHO, I AM NOT A TRAITOR- YOU MUST KNOW THAT! AND IF YOU REPEAT THAT WORD, THOUGH WE FRIENDS, I'LL---



QUICKLY, BILL BENT IS PINNED DOWN BY PANCHO'S LIEUTENANTS

O.K., O.K.!



AGAIN, PANCHO PLEADS WITH HIS YANKEE FRIEND...

I'LL NEVER SPEAK, PANCHO. IT'S NO USE INSISTING.

COME ON, BILL, TALK! I MUST KNOW, THREE OF US WERE KILLED IN THE FRAY.



ONCE MORE, THE ACCUSER COMES OVER TO PANCHO!

PANCHO, YOU'LL NEVER GET RESULTS THAT WAY, HERE'S SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE THE YANKEE TALK. LET ME USE IT.!

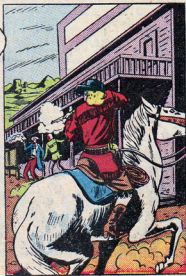
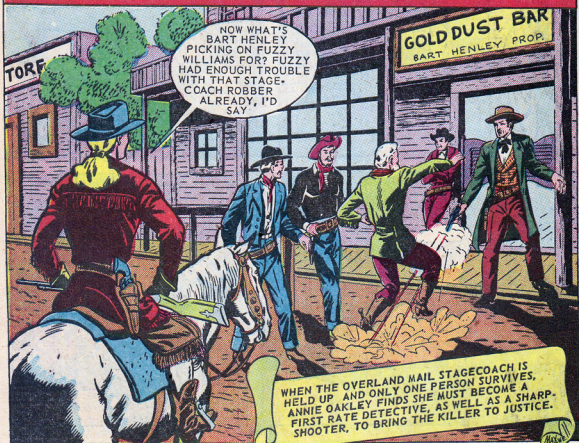
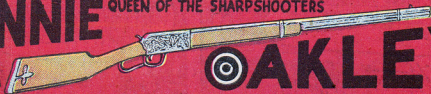


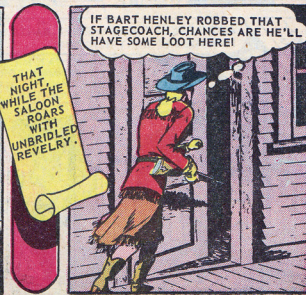
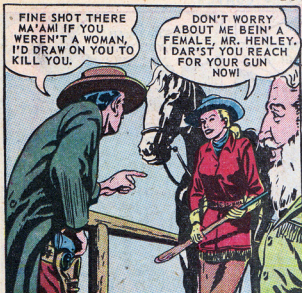
ANNIE

QUEEN OF THE SHARPSHOOTERS



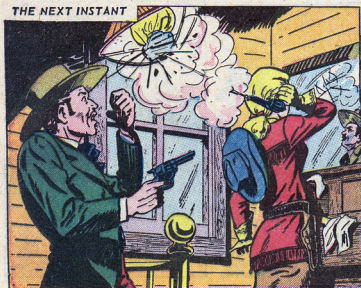
OKLEY



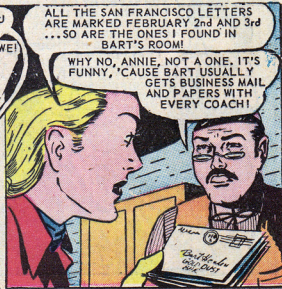




THE NEXT INSTANT



AS THE ROOM IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS, ANNIE LEAPS PAST THE DOOR...

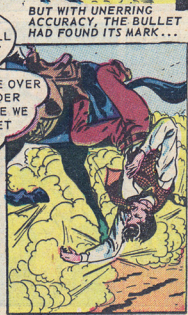
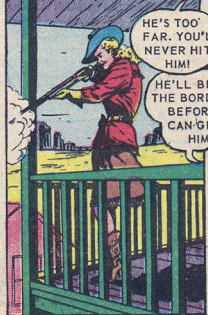
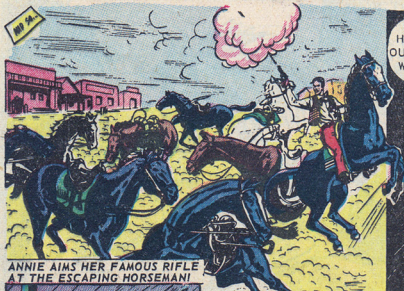


ANNIE OAKLEY! THE SHERIFF WANTS YOU FOR ROBBIN' BART HENLEY!

NEVER MIND THAT, MR. ROWE! WAS THERE ANY MAIL FOR BART HENLEY AMONG THAT RECOVERED FROM THE STAGECOACH?

ALL THE SAN FRANCISCO LETTERS ARE MARKED FEBRUARY 2nd and 3rd ... SO ARE THE ONES I FOUND IN BART'S ROOM!

WHY NO, ANNIE, NOT A ONE. IT'S FUNNY, 'CAUSE BART USUALLY GETS BUSINESS MAIL AND PAPERS WITH EVERY COACH!

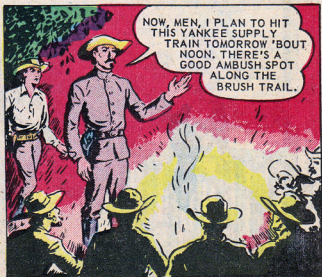


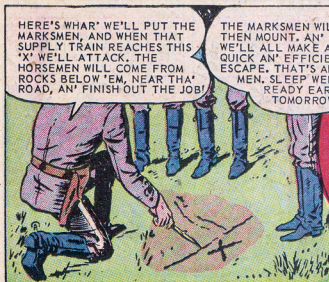
JESSIE

KING OF THE

JAMES

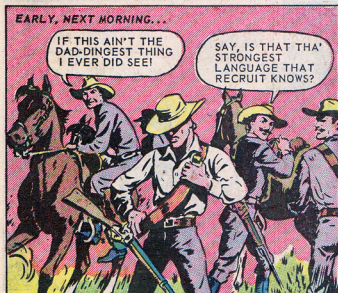
OUTLAWS





HERE'S WHAR' WE'LL PUT THE MARKSMEN, AND WHEN THAT SUPPLY TRAIN REACHES THIS 'X' WE'LL ATTACK. THE HORSEMEN WILL COME FROM ROCKS BELOW 'EM, NEAR THA' ROAD, AN' FINISH OUT THE JOB!

THE MARKSMEN WILL THEN MOUNT. AN' WE'LL ALL MAKE A QUICK AN' EFFICIENT ESCAPE. THAT'S ALL, MEN. SLEEP WELL, BE READY EARLY TOMORROW.



EARLY, NEXT MORNING...

IF THIS AIN'T THE DAD-DINGEST THING I EVER DID SEE!

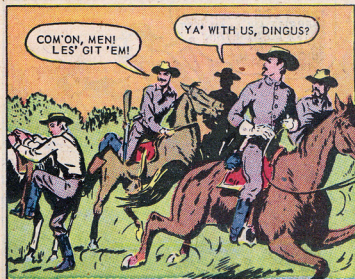
SAY, IS THAT THA' STRONGEST LANGUAGE THAT RECRUIT KNOWS?



DON'T YA' KNOW THA' COLT AIN'T BEEN WEANED YIT? YA' KAIN'T EXPECT IT TA' TALK MAN-TALK YET!

RECKON HE' BEEN RAISED UP ON MAMA'S FARM!

BLUE EYES GOTTA BE KERFUL A' HIS TALK.. HA..HA.. WE'RE MIGHTY BOYS!



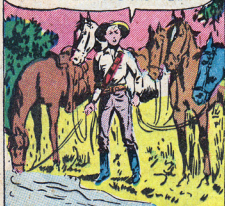
COM'ON, MEN! LES' GIT 'EM!

YA' WITH US, DINGUS?



TAKE YOUR STATIONS, MEN. WE WILL PROCEED ACCORDING TO PLAN.

DINGUS! HOW'D AH EVER DESERVE THIS. AH WON'T EVER GIT TA' SEE A SINGLE ONE A' THEM YANKEES UNTIL THEY'S ALL DAID. WHIST AH COULD'A BEEN A YEAR... JESTA YEAR OLDER. AH'D SHOW 'EM!



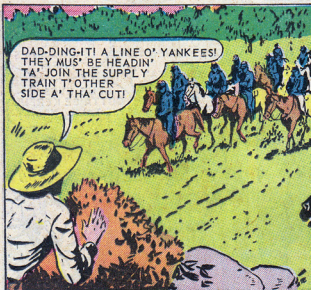
SAY, THIS HERE WATER IS RUNNIN' MUDDY OF A SUDDEN. THEY'S ONLY ONE REASON FER THEY! SOMETHIN'... 'ER SOMEONE... IS CROSSIN' UPSTREAM!



MAYBE IT AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT AH BETTER JEST CHECK FER SURE... AIN'T NO TELLIN' WHUT KIN HAPPEN IN A WAR WITH THEM YANKS SNEAKIN' UP ON US!

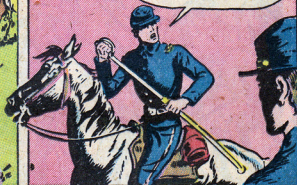


DAD-DING-IT! A LINE O' YANKEES! THEY MUS' BE HEADIN' TA' JOIN THE SUPPLY TRAIN T' OTHER SIDE A' THA' CUT!



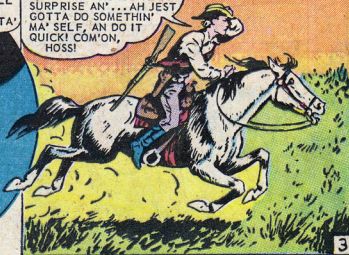
AT THAT MOMENT, THE SOUTHERN CAPTAIN LAUNCHED HIS ATTACK ON THE SUPPLY WAGONS... WITH REBEL YELLS AND GUNFIRE.

SOUNDS LIKE AN ATTACK! COME ON, MEN - OUR COMRADES NEED US!



THERE AIN'T TIME TO WARN MY SIDE OF THESE NEW YANK TROOPS. THEY'LL ALL MAYBE BE ON THA' ROAD AN' THA' SHARPSHOOTERS ON THA' WAY TA' THEIR HORSES...

THEY'LL BE CAUGHT BY SURPRISE AN'... AH JEST GOTTA DO SOMETHIN' MA' SELF, AN DO IT QUICK! COM'ON, HOSS!



SECONDS LATER

WHOA, HOSS!
I GIT OFF
HERE!



CAREFULLY PICKING OFF ONE YANK SOLDIER AFTER THE OTHER, JESSE THROWS THE UNIT IN A PANIC. THOSE NOT HIT ARE TURNING THEIR HORSES BACK, AWAY FROM THE MURDEROUS FIRE ON THE LONE CONFEDERATE!



ALONE, JESSE IS TOO BUSY TO SEE...

HE'S ALONE!



JUST THEN...

WELL, I'DE-CLARE! I FIND
A YANKEE SOLDIER
TAKING A FANCY
TO DINGUS!



GREAT GUNS, SIR!
NO YANKEE!

HEARD SHOOTIN', AND THOUGHT WE'D
COME OVER TA' HELP OUT. LOOKS AS
IF WE KIND A' SAVED EACH OTHER
TODAY... YOU'RE A DANG FINE SHOT
YOURSELF, BOY, DANG FINE INDEED!
YOU FIND YOUR OWN PRIVATE
BATTLE, TOO!



YA' GOT WHUT IT TAKES, TA'
GO A LONG WAYS. MATTER OF
FACT, YA'RE ALREADY THERE.
IT'LL BE A MAN'S SHARE OF TH'
FIGHTIN' YOU'LL DO...
'OFFICIAL'... FER YOU FROM
NOW ON, CORPORAL DINGUS!





DRESSED TO KILL

Russ heard the uproar in the yard outside the bunkhouse but he didn't look up from his paper work. His arithmetic was adequate but rusty and the going was heavy. The paper in front of him held a long list of items. Stetson, fourteen dollars, silver tooled saddle, seventy-five dollars, Morgan quarter horse, two hundred-twenty five dollars. It was an impressive list when he finished.

"Doggone, it can't be that much," he muttered when finished. "Still givin' 'im the benefit of the doubt!" He grabbed his own battered hat and walked outside. Dandy Jack Collins was the center of attention and he loved it. He was seated in a low slung roadster, gleaming with new chrome and unscratched. Russ did some quick addition and shook his head. He wondered how Bob Masters could be so dumb.

Helen, his daughter, was smiling shyly as the punchers hoorawed her about going on her honeymoon in style. The wedding between Helen and Dandy Jack was slated for the following month, four weeks away. Any hopes Russ Holmes had were dashed when the announcement was made.

Bob Masters had his own ideas about the future son-in-law. "I'm not lettin' my only daughter marry some shiftless saddle-tramp! When a man comes tuh me and shows me he can give her as good a home as she's leavin' then I'll give my blessin', not before!"

His glance was on Russ when he said it. For four years the young puncher had worked hard, finally getting the foreman's job as a reward. His bank balance was growing and he had been serene, knowing that one day he would have enough for his own spread. Now, even his job was in jeopardy. Cattle had been missing, in small bunches at first, then more until an entire herd had vanished from the upper pasture.

Russ couldn't take it any longer. He was going to take the pick-up truck but decided in favor of his tough little mustang. Helen's clear laugh was in his ears as he rode toward the upper pasture. An hour's ride brought him to the bowl-shaped pasture. He unsaddled the horse and studied the countryside.

He mounted and rode further, high up over the saddle-back. Far below was civilization, the gleaming ribbon of concrete that ran from the West Coast to the Mississippi. His mind kept going back to cow-hands' salaries and the figures he had arrived at. Dandy Jack had to be the man but he couldn't accuse him without absolute proof. Helen knew how he felt and he knew what she'd think. Bob Masters, loyal to the core, would throw him off the ranch for accusing his future-son-in-law. No, he had to have iron-clad evidence or keep quiet and watch the girl he loved marry a rustler.

"Somethin' drastic has to be done," he mused, "but I'll be danged if I can figure what!" He thought a minute, then shrugged. "Well, it's my job if I'm wrong, but I'll have to try it!"

He remounted and rode back to the ranch. Masters looked sympathetic when he handed him his pay. "Yuh didn't have tuh quit, son. Yo're a good cowman. I'll give yuh the best of references."

Russ shook his head. "I don't think I want 'em, boss. The places I'm huntin' for work don't go in for references much!"

He got a ride into town with the supply truck and hung around for four days. Dandy Jack was in oftener than a working hand ought to be but Russ knew he could invent plenty of business with the wedding coming up. He heard that Dandy Jack had put a deposit down on a nice spread south of town. It was adding up.

He got his lead when Collins met two men near the edge of town. Russ couldn't hear their conversation but he did hear the flashily dressed puncher's parting words. "A week from now. Tell Romano tuh be ready for a couple hundred head. I need all I can get these days!"

It wasn't much to go on but it was all he had. He headed north then, and the next week

found him in Tucson. He discovered that truckers distrusted his jeans and boots so he packed them away and bought a leather jacket, work shoes and a cap to replace his wide-brimmed hat.

It was hard to sit and drink coffee, just listening, but it paid off. He was in a trucker's diner when he heard it.

"Tony's looking for men again," one said, laughing, good wages but I'll hang onto my steady job."

The other nodded. "I wouldn't work for Romano's outfit if I starved. He has his hands in every black-market deal in the West. He'll have a tough job getting enough drivers and helpers."

Russ climbed to his feet and walked over. "Romano's got one man, anyhow. Where can I find his outfit?"

They swung around. "Got sharp ears, huh bud? Well, it's no skin off my nose! He runs the Green Arrow line, outside o' town!"

Russ found the trucking outfit and the job without too much trouble. Romano was a beefy, flashily dressed man in his forties.

"Yuh look like yuh punched cows, kid," he rasped. "Any objections tuh making a fast buck and keeping your mouth shut?"

Russ shrugged. "Money is what I want, Romano! Just so there's enough of it, I won't kick! When do I start?"

"We roll tonight. Be here at six-thirty sharp!"

Russ was there ahead of time. He was given a huge truck that smelt of fresh-killed meat, but it was no surprise. Ten other trucks rolled out of the garage and turned south. They turned off the main highway at a spot familiar to him and started climbing. He was surprised when they rolled onto a concrete apron and eased to a stop before a deserted hangar. Russ cursed to himself. He had completely forgotten that the Air Force had stopped using the field. Designed as an emergency landing strip, it had light planes during the war to be used for search.

The first truck backed up to the hangar and a crew inside began loading sides of beef. It rolled away when loaded and started back. Russ was fourth in line and he rolled off with the address of a packing plant given to him at the last minute. He hauled two loads that night and worked again the following night. He learned more then. One hangar was used to hold cattle, a second for slaughtering, and the third was for storage and loading. Russ's count came to a little over three hundred and he knew that was about all that had been in the last herd taken from the ranch. He was last in line when they came back to clean it up on the third night.

Romano was there himself. He watched Russ's truck take the last sides of beef, only half a load, then call inside the hangar.

"Okay, Jack, that's all," he called. "Come on out here, we'll check the count, and I'll get out of here!"

Russ waited in the cab as he heard them climb into the truck. He got out and listened by the tailboard.

"Three hundred and eight head," Romano said clearly. "Here's the check. When will you have another bunch ready?"

Dandy Jack Collins answered "No more, Romano! I'd be stealin' my own beef. Masters is makin' me a partner after the weddin'!"

That was all Bob wanted. He slammed the heavy door shut and climbed into the cab. He roared down the mountain road, hitting every rut on the road. It was early morning when he roared into the ranch yard. He leaned on the horn till Bob Masters and his daughter appeared on the porch. He climbed down from the cab grinning.

"You crazy, Russ?" Masters bellowed. "What are yuh doin' here with that?"

Russ laughed. Helen was watching him, regret in her eyes.

"I brought back some of your missin' beef, boss," he drawled, "and somethin' a little extra. Come on back here."

They gathered around the tailboard while he opened the heavy door. Dandy Collins snarled and hurtled out, his face a mask of fury. His charge knocked Russ down but he got up, laughing at his opponent.

"I've been waitin' for this chance, Collins!" He feinted with his left and sent a pile driving right into Dandy's mouth. A second landed on the bridge of his nose and the Dandy hit the ground.

He reached down and removed the check from his shirt pocket. "Here, boss. Your future-son-in-law was sellin' dressed beef tuh the black market. Doesn't look so pretty any more, does he?"

They looked. The ride with the freshly killed beef had caked his embroidered shirt, fancy chaps, and hand-sewn boots in blood. Russ had done the rest. Helen giggled, then Bob Masters howled. He clapped Russ on the shoulder and asked, "How did yuh track 'em down, Russ?"

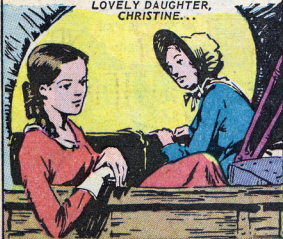
Russ was watching Helen walk away slowly. "Simple enough. All brands are checked against the bill of sale at the pens, boss. The only way he could do it would be to skin 'em first. I'll give yuh the details later," he said over his shoulder, "I have more important business to attend to right now!"

(The End)

Adventures of **MICKEY** AND **SITTING BULL**

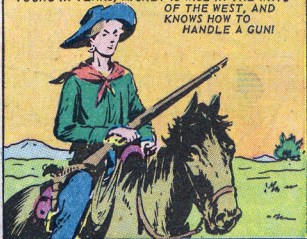


IN HIS OLD PRAIRIE SCHOONER, WHERE HE HAS PILED HIS ENTIRE EARTHLY POSSESSIONS, ARE HIS WIFE, MARIA, AND HIS LOVELY DAUGHTER, CHRISTINE...

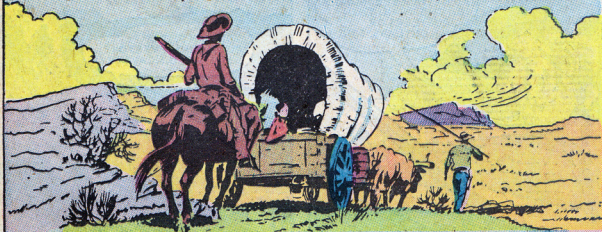


...AND RIDING A TIRED OLD MUSTANG, IS HIS YOUNG SON, MICKEY.

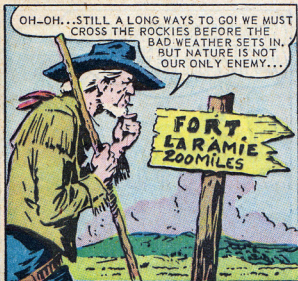
YOUNG IN YEARS, MICKEY IS WISE IN THE WAYS OF THE WEST, AND KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE A GUN!



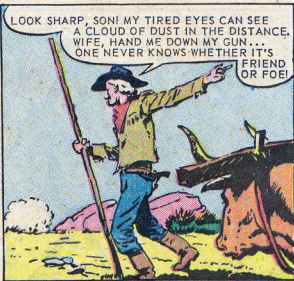
FOR MORE THAN FIVE WEEKS NOW, THEY FOLLOW AN OLD TRAIL IN OREGON. THEY ARE HEADING SOUTHWARD, TOWARD THE LUSH SACRAMENTO VALLEY, WHICH IS THEIR GOAL.



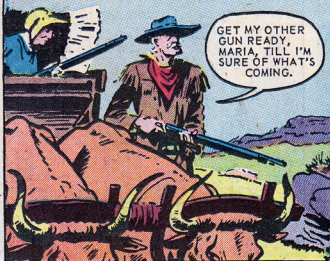
OH-OH...STILL A LONG WAYS TO GO! WE MUST CROSS THE ROCKIES BEFORE THE BAD WEATHER SETS IN. BUT NATURE IS NOT OUR ONLY ENEMY...



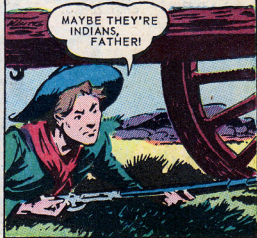
LOOK SHARP, SON! MY TIRED EYES CAN SEE A CLOUD OF DUST IN THE DISTANCE. WIFE, HAND ME DOWN MY GUN... ONE NEVER KNOWS WHETHER IT'S FRIEND OR FOE!



THE SETTLER'S WHOLE FAMILY IS ON THE ALERT...



MEANWHILE, MICKEY HAS SLIPPED HIMSELF UNDER THE WAGON, GUN READY IN HAND...

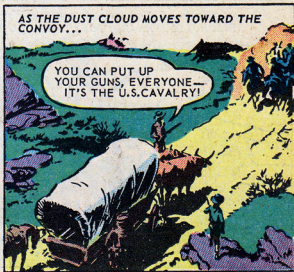


I'D RATHER SEE INDIANS ON THE TRAIL THAN RUSTLERS OR OUTLAWS, SON!



AS THE DUST CLOUD MOVES TOWARD THE CONVOY...

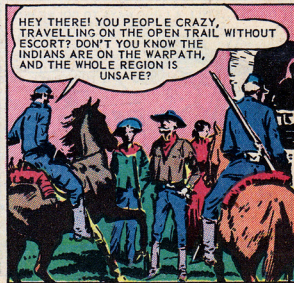
YOU CAN PUT UP YOUR GUNS, EVERYONE—IT'S THE U.S. CAVALRY!

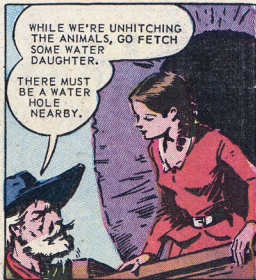
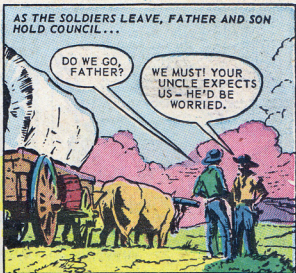


A DETACHMENT OF THE 27th U.S. CAVALRY, MEN AND HORSES WERE COVERED WITH DUST.

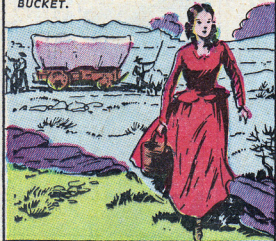


HEY THERE! YOU PEOPLE CRAZY, TRAVELLING ON THE OPEN TRAIL WITHOUT ESCORT? DON'T YOU KNOW THE INDIANS ARE ON THE WARPATH, AND THE WHOLE REGION IS UNSAFE?





HAPPY FOR A CHANCE TO STRETCH HER LEGS, CHRISTINE GOES FOR WATER IN A CAREFREE SPIRIT, WITH HER WOODEN BUCKET.



SUDDENLY, SHE DRAWS BACK, HORRIFIED... NEAR A WATER HOLE, SHE SEES THE BODY OF A MAN LYING STILL, AS THOUGH DEAD...



HIS EYES ARE CLOSED. HE SEEMS LIFELESS. BUT CHRISTINE SAW HE WAS AN INDIAN. FROM HIS WAR PAINT, SHE KNEW HE WAS A CHIEF!



SHE RUSHES TOWARD THE CAMP...

FATHER! COME SEE SOMETHING TERRIBLE!



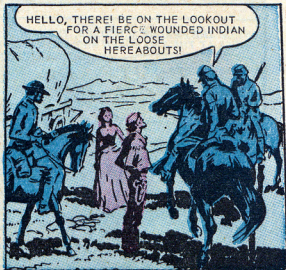
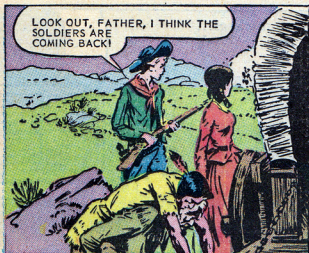
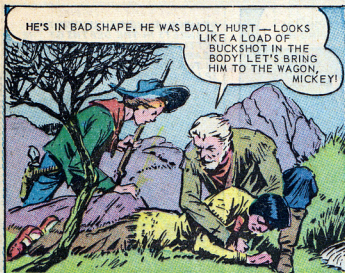
I SAW HIM BY THE WATER HOLE... DEAD OR ALIVE... I COULDN'T TELL.

I'LL GO TAKE A LOOK!



YOU WOMEN STAY HERE! MICKEY, TAKE A GUN AND FOLLOW ME!





HE SHOULD BE RIGHT AROUND THIS SECTION. I'M WARNING YOU, HE'S DANGEROUS. IF YOU FIND HIM, OR SEE HIM FIRST, DO NOT HESITATE TO SHOOT HIM DEAD!



MEANWHILE, HIDDEN UNDER THE BLANKETS IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SETTLER'S WAGON, THE INDIAN HEARS THE SOLDIER'S WORDS... IN THE INDIAN'S EYES FLASHES A SPARK OF DEEP HATRED...



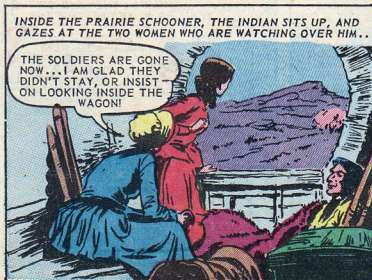
AS THE SOLDIERS WAVE A FAREWELL TO THE TWO SETTLERS...

THANKS, SOLDIERS, FOR YOUR GOOD WARNING! WE'LL BE ON THE LOOKOUT.



INSIDE THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER, THE INDIAN SITS UP, AND GAZES AT THE TWO WOMEN WHO ARE WATCHING OVER HIM..

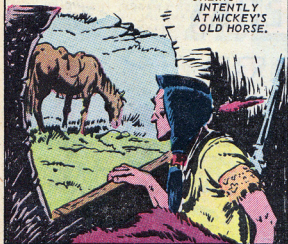
THE SOLDIERS ARE GONE NOW... I AM GLAD THEY DIDN'T STAY, OR INSIST ON LOOKING INSIDE THE WAGON!



SUDDENLY, A SMILE FLASHED ACROSS THE INDIAN'S FACE, AND IN SPITE OF THE FRIGHTFUL EFFECT OF THICK WAR PAINT, IT BORE A SIGN OF A NOBLE CHARACTER.



SUDDENLY, THE INDIAN LEANED FORWARD, GAZING INTENTLY AT MICKEY'S OLD HORSE.



PAINFULLY SITTING UP, HE REACHES FOR A SMALL LEATHER POUCH ATTACHED TO HIS BELT. CAREFULLY, HE TAKES OUT OF IT A HANDFUL OF BRIGHT GOLD NUGGETS...

GOLD...I HAVE GOLD!



A FORTUNE LIES IN THE INDIAN'S HAND, AS HE ADDRESSES THE STARTLED WOMEN...

FOR MUSTANG.. ALL THIS FOR HORSE!



FATHER! THE INDIAN IS CONSCIOUS. HE WANTS TO BUY MICKEY'S OLD HORSE.

ALL RIGHT, DAUGHTER, I'LL GO AND SEE.

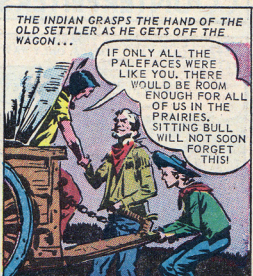


WHAT! ALL THAT GOLD FOR A BROKEN DOWN MUSTANG! YOU CAN'T MEAN IT, INDIAN! TAKE THE HORSE, AND GIVE IT BACK LATER... THE OREGON TRAIL IS A LONG ONE. WE'LL MEET AGAIN!



THE INDIAN GRASPS THE HAND OF THE OLD SETTLER AS HE GETS OFF THE WAGON...

IF ONLY ALL THE PALEFACES WERE LIKE YOU. THERE WOULD BE ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL OF US IN THE PRAIRIES. SITTING BULL WILL NOT SOON FORGET THIS!



Follow the Adventures of MICKEY and "SITTING BULL" in Every Issue.

RANGER RIDLEY

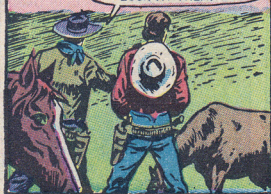
OF SHADOW VALLEY



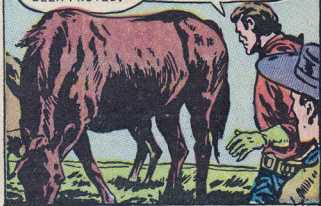
In the "BRANDING
COUNTERFEITERS".

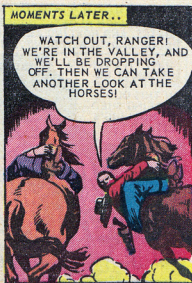
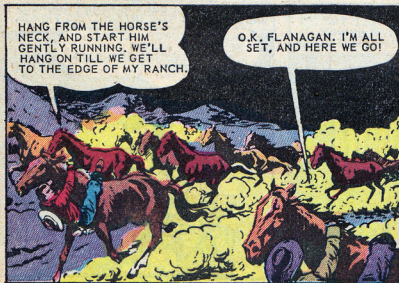
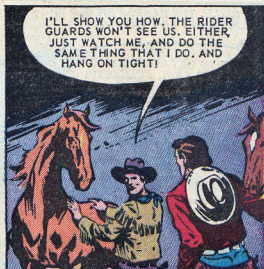
LOOKED LIKE SEVERAL THIEVES WERE
AFTER FLANAGAN'S HORSES. ONLY WAY
WAS TO INSPECT HERDS...

THERE'S A MIXED BUNCH
OF HORSES, RANGER, LET'S
LOOK AT THEM.

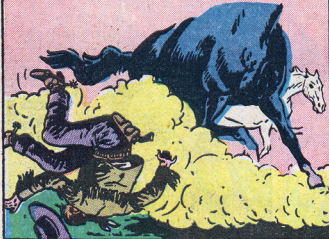


THAT'S BILL HOWLING'S MARK ON THE
HORSES. HE AND THOMPSON ARE SUSPECTED
OF STEALING BUT NOTHING HAS EVER
BEEN PROVED.





THEN, SOMETHING HAPPENED... FLANAGAN GAVE THE SIGNAL, AND LET GO, AND A PASSING HORSE ACCIDENTALLY KICKED HIM AS HE DROPPED...

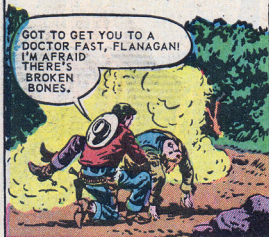


WONDER WHAT HAPPENED? FLANAGAN LET GO TOO FAST. A HORSE MUST HAVE BUMPED HIS AND SHAKEN HIS HOLD... HE'S HURT -- I CAN'T LEAVE HIM. I'M JUMPING, TOO.



QUICKLY, THE RANGER PICKED UP FLANAGAN'S LIMP BODY...

GOT TO GET YOU TO A DOCTOR FAST, FLANAGAN! I'M AFRAID THERE'S BROKEN BONES.



AFTER GIVING FLANAGAN FIRST AID IN AN OLD BUNKHOUSE, RANGER RIDLEY CALLED A DOCTOR.

HEAD WOUND, NOT TOO SERIOUS. WORSE NEWS IS A BROKEN LEG. HE'LL PULL THROUGH BUT WILL BE LAID UP FOR SOME TIME.



WITH FLANAGAN OUT, RANGER RIDLEY WORKED ON HIS HUNCH ALONE. THOMPSON STOLE THE HORSES, AND HOWLING ALTERED THE BRANDS. PROOF HAD TO BE FOUND... IN HOWLING'S PLACE.

WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR MUST BE RIGHT HERE, IN THIS OLD SHOEING SHED OF HOWLING'S ESTATE



LOOKING CAREFULLY IN EVERY CORNER, RIDLEY FINDS SOME INTERESTING THINGS.

H-MM... A FORGE.. COULD BE USED IN MAKING COUNTERFEITING BRANDING IRONS!

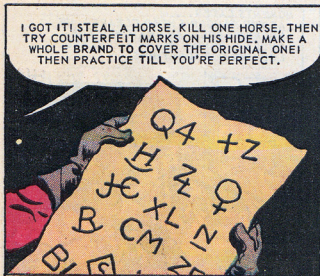




A PIECE OF HORSEHIDE THAT'S BEEN BURNED! WHO'D WANT TO BURN LEATHER? THE SMELL WOULD BE A DEAD GIVEAWAY. MAYBE THERE ARE MORE PIECES OF HIDE AROUND!!! I CAN LEARN A LOT FROM THEM!



NOW HERE'S A GOOD SIZE PIECE. WONDER WHAT POOR HORSE HAD THIS HIDE. IT'S COVERED WITH BRANDING MARKS.



I GOT IT! STEAL A HORSE. KILL ONE HORSE, THEN TRY COUNTERFEIT MARKS ON HIS HIDE. MAKE A WHOLE BRAND TO COVER THE ORIGINAL ONE! THEN PRACTICE TILL YOU'RE PERFECT.



HOWLING'S HORSES HAD TWO BRANDS: THE ORIGINAL ONE, WHICH HE TRICKED UP, AND HIS OWN. I'D SURE LIKE TO FIND THE FAKE BRANDING IRON - THAT WOULD BE THE REAL PROOF!



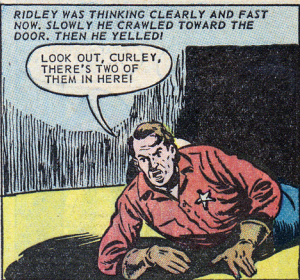
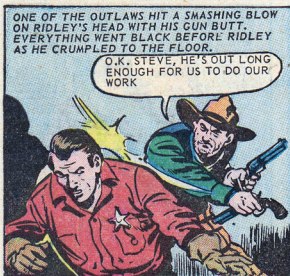
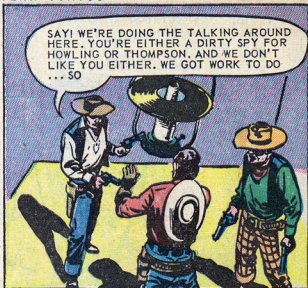
RIDLEY WAS READY TO LEAVE... BUT JUST THEN, TWO TOUGH LOOKING CHARACTERS FRAMED THE DOOR...

NOT THINKING OF LEAVING SO SOON, ARE YOU, MISTER?

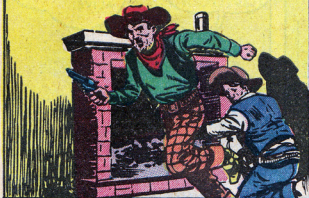
REACH, STRANGER... I GOT ITCHY FINGERS!



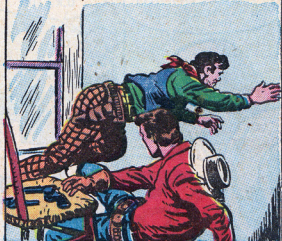
DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH NOSEY GUYS LIKE YOU. THE BOSS'D KILL YOU FOR THIS. FIRST WE'LL TAKE YOUR ARTILLERY. FRISK HIM GOOD, STEVE, THEN, WE'LL ASK HIM A FEW QUESTIONS.



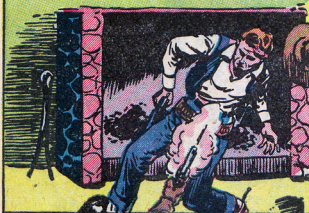
SUDDENLY THE OUTLAWS WENT INTO ACTION, JUST AS RIDLEY EXPECTED. ONE RACED FOR THE DOOR, GUN IN HAND..



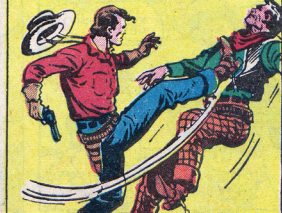
SO INTENT IN FACING WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS A NEW MENACE, HE DID NOT SEE RIDLEY'S LEG, THAT SHOT OUT SUDDENLY IN HIS WAY, AS HE RAN FORWARD!



THE OTHER OUTLAW REACHED FOR HIS GUN... BUT TOO LATE, FOR RIDLEY'S COLT HAD SLUNG ITS SLUG INTO HIS BODY BEFORE HE COULD SHOOT.

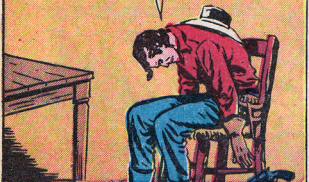


RIDLEY GOT UP FAST, AND HAVING ONLY ONE OPPONENT NOW, FIGURED ON KNOCKING HIM OUT, SO AS TO BRING HIM TO JUSTICE ALIVE.



THEN, SUDDENLY, THE RANGER DROPPED INTO A CHAIR... HIS OWN GUN SLIPPED FROM HIS HAND.

THAT BLOW ON MY HEAD, AND THIS LAST FIGHT MADE MY KNEES GIVE AWAY... IF I ONLY DON'T PASS OUT NOW!



IN A FOG, RIDLEY GLANCED UP TO SEE A FIERCE FACE OF HATE POINTING A GUN ONLY A FEW INCHES FROM HIS HEAD.

TRICK ME, HEY? WELL, YOU'RE GOING TO DIE RIGHT NOW!



THERE WAS A SHOT... AND A MAN STOOD IN THE DOOR, HIS RIFLE STILL SMOKING.

YOU'RE JEFF, FLANAGAN'S FOREMAN! TOO BAD YOU KILLED HIM!

MR. RANGER, YOU O.K., SIR?



WHAT! SPARE THAT VARMINT? HE BELONGED TO THE HOWLING THOMPSON GANG YOU AND FLANAGAN SUSPECTED.

THANKS FOR SAVING MY SKIN, JEFF, BUT I WAS SAVING HIM FOR EVIDENCE. I WANTED HIM FOR A WITNESS ALIVE.



SORRY, MR. RANGER, SAW YOUR HORSE OUTSIDE. FIGURED YOU WERE LOOKING FOR HOWLING. WELL, HOWLING'S DEAD!

WHAT? WHO KILLED HIM? I MUST GET THOMPSON NOW!



KNOW WHERE I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON THOMPSON? I'VE GOT TO HAVE AT LEAST ONE MEMBER OF THE GANG TO BRING TO JUSTICE.

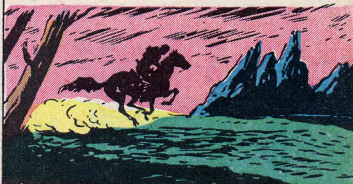
THOMPSON? HIM AND HOWLING HAD A FIGHT OVER THAT BIG HERD OF FLANAGAN'S, AND SHOT EACH OTHER BOTH DEAD!



SEEMS TO ME, YOUNG FELLER, YOUR CASE AGAINST THE BRAND COUNTERFEITERS TOOK MIGHTY GOOD CARE OF SETTLING ITSELF. THE HOWLING THOMPSON OUTFIT IS PLUMB WIPED OUT! WAIT TILL FLANAGAN HEARS THIS!



FLANAGAN! I'VE STILL GOT TO GET THE EVIDENCE TO HIM THAT MANY OF THE HORSES BRANDED 'c.&.' IN HOWLING'S HERDS ARE HIS.. SO HE CAN GET THEM BACK ON TO HIS RANCH BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE. 'RISING SUN RANCH' INDEED! IT'S THE SETTING SUN FOR HOWLING AND THOMPSON THIS TIME!



The RODEO

SPANISH WORD FOR
"ROUNDUP"



WELL, THE ROUNDUP'S
OVER, THE CALVES
ARE BRANDED, AND
THE BOYS ARE GOING
TO HAVE SOME FUN!

THIS IS HOW RODEOS STARTED:
BEFORE THE COWBOYS LEFT THE RANGE
AFTER FINISHING A ROUNDING UP OF
CATTLE, AND HEADED FOR THEIR OWN
RANCHES, THEY ENGAGED IN GAMES AND
CONTESTS. THESE CONTESTS BECAME
KNOWN EVERYWHERE AS "RODEOS".

AN IMPORTANT RULE IN CALF
ROPING: ROPER MUST GIVE CALF
A 15-FOOT START BEFORE
ROPING!

ONE RULE OF BROWE RIDING:
RIDER MUST HOLD ONE HAND CLEAR.

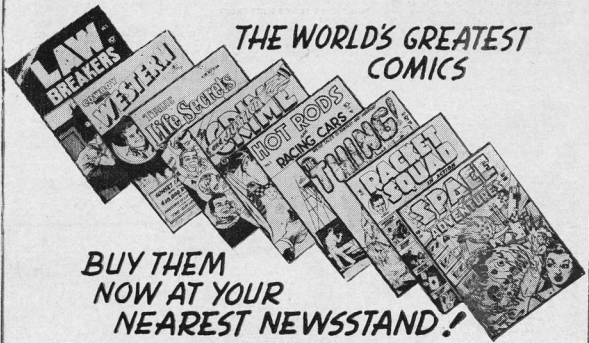


RODEOS ARE RUN ALONG STRICT
RULES THAT APPLY TO MANY
KINDS OF CONTESTS. SUCH AS
BROWE RIDING, BULL DOGGING,
AND CALF ROPING, AS WELL AS
RACING, AND ROPE SPINNING.

BULL DOGGING IS VERY TRICKY,
AND REQUIRES SKILL WITH GREAT STRENGTH.



THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS



**BUY THEM
NOW AT YOUR
NEAREST NEWSSTAND!**

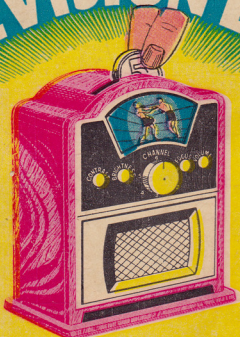
THE SHOW'S ON,
GANG!

New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

LIGHTS UP!

LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST
TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY
\$1.98**

COMPLETE WITH
BATTERY AND BULB!

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new wonder!

LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN! Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or Peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURNS UP THE NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A MONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL! You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 1/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

**... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL
NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!**

**NEWEST DECORATORS NOTE
TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!**

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

**SEAGEE CO., Dept. CC4
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.**

☐ Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name _____

(Please Print Plainly)

Street _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept. CC4, New York 2, N. Y.

Cowboy Western

38

April-May 1952

COVER

MAXWELL?

IFC

(I STILL SAY NO?)
HOW DO SCHROEDER

1

BILL BENT: South of the Border

FLEMING

7

ANNIE OAKLEY

MAXWELL*

4

JESSE JAMES

W.M. ALLISON

4

DRESSED TO KILL

TEXT

2

MICKY & SITTING BULL

NO BEN THOMPSON?

8

RANGER RIDLEY: BRANDING COUNTERFEITERS

MORE
LIKE LEE AMES!

7